

A Hotel de Luxe for New York Babes.

This is an English Comic Artist's View of it.



"An hotel which is to be built in New York is intended exclusively for the use of children. . . . Almost all the servants will be used to hospital work. No child will be taken in without a nurse. The prices range from \$10 to \$30 a week for two persons."—[Excerpt from a Daily Paper.]

Taking this paragraph for his text, John Hassall, the famous English comic artist, has given his idea of what this high-toned hotel for children will look like. He pictures a scene in the new "kid" hostelry, which The Evening World here reproduces from London Sketch. The proud New Yorker, however, who loves to see his city grow and its beautiful features increase, may have a long time to wait for this new St. Regis of god-oddism, where the infant millionaires will be able to spend fortunes on peppermint stick and to write out big checks in payment for baby-food souffles and frappish hors d'oeuvres. No definite information can be given about it now.

Sour Grapes in This Case

By Alice Rohe.

"Of all the human beings that make your life the biggest burden," said the Philosopher, "it is the woman who could succeed, but won't."

"She embodies all the essence of sour grapes that have been raised since good old Aesop's days."

"Well, I should designate her as the woman who couldn't succeed but would," said the philosopher, airily.

"I suppose you would," returned the Philosopher, dryly, "but you wouldn't last more than one minute in her society if you did."

"The lady in question belongs to the species who can't bear to see any of her sister beings succeed. It doesn't matter whether it is in the most trivial social way or in the alleged intellectual walks of life, it is the same old story. You've heard her cold-water conversation. It's generally, 'Why, how shocking, the way you dissipate! It's so common. I don't see how you can go to the theatre so often and keep such late hours. No wonder you are developing such wrinkles and bags under your eyes.'"

"But let the lady get a chance herself, and will she take advantage of it? Well, I guess yes."

"If a female gets a new suit of a faddish shade, why it's shocking. Any pretence to keep up with the fads is very bad form. As a general rule, though, you can sift her standard of what is proper and what isn't by the range of her own opportunities."

"You don't mean to tell me that all of these good, kind, strait-laced ladies who are eternally throwing the hooks into their sisters who indulge in the feminine frivolities of life would follow suit if they had a chance?" queried the Philosopher.

"It isn't safe to make glittering generalizations," replied the Philosopher. "I can only speak from personal observation and a knowledge of the characteristics of the sex, but I'd hate to take a chance on any of these sour grapes vials."

"Women's jealousy is too big a topic to even try to discuss, but the most obnoxious type of the jealous woman is the petty creature who is thrown into spasms of envy when any of her dear, dear friends gets something a little bit better than she has herself and then proceeds to knock."

"But women can't help being jealous, can they?" asked the Philosopher.

"No, they can't help that," said the Philosopher, "but there is enough physical violence left in the world to keep them from throwing this 'wouldn't' help if they could' racket. It's disgusting."

"What could be done about it?" asked the Philosopher. "If you would call their bluff it would be just what they wanted, according to your story."

"The best method of extermination I can think of," said the Philosopher, "is to really call their bluff and then turn them down. That ought to help some."

IMPOSSIBLE.

"Does Hodge drink as much as he used to?"

"Well, he doesn't drink any more."

"I knew that without asking."—Houston Post.

Life Is Field Cheap by New Loop-the-Loopers.

Three Music Hall Novelties, All of Them Exciting "Thrillers."



The Latest Dangerous Trick, Gyroscopic.

Another View of the Gyroscopic.

The third is practically the well-known American cycle whirl bicycle trick, except that the riders are dressed as demons and do "stunts" on each other's shoulders during the perilous ride. The device is known in England as "Circling the Circle."

How Women May Make a Living at Home.

By Rita A. Keiley.

No. 2—Mending Gloves.

TWO girls with their own living to make began a glove-mending industry by inserting a small advertisement in the evening digest. Once a week the notice appeared, stating that gloves would be mended promptly, neatly and reasonably at an arrangement up in Hartford.

In their little flat the girls awaited encouragement in the way of torn and soiled gloves sent in by the world and they came in doubtfully at first, one pair at a time, with big holes and much soil, as though to defy the ability of the mender.

The gloves were first mended so neatly that such a thing as a rip or rent would never be suspected, and then cleaned with a cleansing fluid that worked wonders. Promptly the gloves were returned to the owners by one of the girls, who collected a small fee and solicited more trade.

Before long they were doing a flourishing business.

Their charge for cleaning was a trifle less than that of the professional cleaners, and the careful mending, which almost amounted to an art, so neat was it, appealed to the women who were accustomed to having their gloves returned from the cleaner's with bigger rents in them than when they were sent.

An extra charge was made for the mending, according to the work required.

They secured a number of regular customers who sent in their gloves for repairs just as men send their collars to the laundry.

They discontinued their advertisement in the papers because there was no longer the need of soliciting business. Well-pleased customers saw to that and sent their friends who had gloves to be mended.

Then they branched out into a larger field of trade.

By going about to the shops during slow sales and inquiring into the reasons for great reductions in price they had come to the conclusion that it would pay them to buy up a lot of damaged goods.

They bought long white and tinted gloves of an expensive make which had been thrown aside by the shopkeepers for their special sales of damaged goods. Some gloves were picked up for a mere song, because of a grimy spot on their otherwise flawless surface. Others were even torn, but the sisters knew their business and their customers knew the torn ones were purchased, too.

The gloves with the spots were cleaned thoroughly. The ones with the rents and rips were mended with unbelievable skill, and the result was a large stock of well-made gloves whose flaws only a close observer would detect, and which could be bought by actresses, or others, for much less than they would have to pay at the shops.

A long glove with a rip sewed carefully could be picked up for a dollar and a half which would cost twice as much downtown. The sisters sold them for a slight advance over the purchase price.

There is no deception with regard to the stock. Every customer knows exactly what she is getting.

There are the good-as-new articles for the conservative customer who buys all her gloves there because they cost less and last as long as the ones obtained down town.

For the actress who requires a fresh pair of gloves every night or performance, there are less substantial ones which would not stand general wear but which do perfectly for one wearing, and the cost is often less than one-half the price of the undamaged others.

Recently the sisters enlarged their business still more, and their stock is transformed into a shop indeed.

The front room is lined with shelves, glass covered, like so many bookcases, and these are filled with gloves of undoubted quality, undamaged and imported from Paris for their special trade.

They have a regular clientele and several assistants.

To-Morrow's Article Will Tell How to Earn a Living by Doing House-to-House Mending.

Moonshine and Marguerite : By "The Duchess."

excuse you; and it is too late, we both know, for hope or expostulation of any kind. It is impossible to misunderstand that, at least. I have now to return you this—laying the innocent instrument of their undoing upon the table near her—this. By its side lies a faded bit of nature's handiwork that a week ago was the marguerite's gay sister, plucked among the moonbeams and given him by the girl standing before him, pale and mute, and, in his eyes, most pale.

A terrible sense of utter desolation falls upon him as he turns away undelayed by any word from her. Even at the door, though inwardly cursing his own weakness for so doing, he pauses, as though in a wild hope that she yet may call to him to come back to her; but no sound breaks upon the heavy stillness that seems to have fallen on the room and, opening the door, he goes out quickly, closing it firmly behind him.

The click of the lock rouses Miss Disney from a spell that has taken her into full possession. With a little gasping cry, she sinks into a chair and covers her face with her hands. What does it all mean? What has happened?

Slowly—slowly—the thought dawns upon her that he has rejected her—has spurned her overture and treated her poor attempt at reconciliation with ignominy. He had not wanted to be reconciled. He was perhaps glad of the chance of escape she had first afforded him by her senseless encouragement of that hateful Sir George (alack how the great are fallen); and she had tried to force herself upon him, and he had come himself to tell her he would none of her. Oh—

She starts to her feet and claps her hands together to prevent herself from bursting into tears of cruel mortification. She walks rapidly up and down the room, planning deep thoughts of vengeance, and no help, no comfort, comes to her. For a long half-hour she so ponders in fruitless search after a calm that will not come and at the end of it her courage forsakes her. She confesses to herself that she is unhappy, miserable, that all men are despicable, and that above and beyond all this, she has been deceived by the love of a fellow man. Mr. Ponsonby is the most detestable, and that she hates him, the chance of escape she had first afforded him by her senseless encouragement of that hateful Sir George (alack how the great are fallen); and she had tried to force herself upon him, and he had come himself to tell her he would none of her. Oh—

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Find the Sea-Dwellers.

IN THE BRINY



GIRLS

INTENDING to go to work should

READ World Help Wants daily.

LAST week 275 girls were wanted.

SUNDAY next—Read them surely.